CURRENT NEWS OF ART AND THE EXHIBITIONS

Japanese Print by Hiroshige in the exhibition of Japanese Color Prints at the studio of Miss Johnston and Mrs. Hewitt.

THE City Club will this year devote its spring exhibition to works of William R. Leigh. Twelve canvases are on view. The exhibition will conclude on June 5 and is now open daily from 11 to 4. Among the paintings are "Navaho Messenger," "Voice of the Desert," "Scouting," "Halt for the Night," "The Rising Moon," "Rabbit Hunt," "Bucking," "After Big Horn," "A Navaho Chief," "Waiting," "Pink Cloud" and "Sentinel."

A famous painting of Corot's "Don Quixote" is now on view in the Knoedler Galleries. The artist has taken these words from the tale of Cervantes as his inspiration: "While riding near a wood, Don Quixote and his squire, Sancho Panza, see the poor peasant Cardenio bathing in a brook, and Don Quixote, mistaking him for a wild man of the woods, prepares to give him battle."

Corot painted this picture while on a visit to Daubigny at Anvers in France in 1868. It is one of five panels which were executed for a vestibule in Daubigny's house. They were sold after the death of Daubigny. They were first exhibited at the Glasgow Exhibition in 1888 and later at the Edinburgh Exhibition in 1890, at the Glasgow Exhibition in 1901, at the Boston Loan Exhibition in 1908 and at the "Century of Art" exhibition in the Grafton Galleries in 1911. In addition to the collection of Daubigny, the picture has been in the possession of MacGavin, the well known Glasgow collector, and of James Cowan of Rosshall, Crookston, Paisley, where it has been for more than thirty years.

There has been opened in the print gallery of the New York Public Library an exhibition of prints illustrating portraiture of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, loaned by Charles Allen Munn. The exhibition offers also a review of the activities of early American engravers. Much of their work is exceedingly crude, although some of the mezzotints exhibited are of a high order of excellence.

On entering the gallery many notable prints will be found on the wall at the right devoted to American engravers. Among the pre-revolutionary prints are the portrait of Cotton Mather, engraved by Peter Pelham in 1727, the earliest mezzotint produced in this country; important and rare portraits, also by Pelham, of Sir William Pepperell and William Shirley, from paintings by John Smibert, and the rare mezzotint inscribed "Rev. Mr. Jonathan Edwards of New England." A group of mezzotints by George Graham includes a full length of Alexander Hamilton and portraits of Robert R. Livingston, after Gilbert Stuart, and of Samuel Adams. A very curious print which will interest the student of engraving is the portrait of Dr. Benjamin Rush, published without name of painter, engraver or publisher. Edward Savage is well represented by portraits of Benjamin Rush, William Smith, Benjamin Franklin, David Rittenhouse and Thomas Jefferson. His full length of Washington, from Stuart's Lansdowne portrait, on the opposite wall, is described as "the most ambitious and important engraving issued in this country up to the time of its publication in 1801."

Among the portraits of Washington on the north wall is the full length engraved by Valentine Green (after John Trumbull, owned by Mr. Munn), published in London in 1781, the first true likeness of Washington published in Europe. Of greatest interest and rarity is a mezzotint engraved by Charles Willson Peale after his own painting in 1780. Near by is his small oval portrait of Washington, engraved in 1787. The first engraved portrait of Washington published in this country is shown, with a companion piece, entitled "Lady Washington." This engraving is crude and is said to be undoubtedly after a portrait painting by Peale.

In 1775 a portrait was published in London representing Washington on a rearing charger, "drawn from life by Alexander Campbell at Williamsburg." It is purely fictitious. From this one passes along the group of interesting prints relating to John Paul Jones and on to the English fictitious portraits on the wall opposite the entrance, representing important Generals of the American Revolution. These mezzotints were published, many of them, in the first year of the Revolution, before there was any possibility of knowing the appearance of the officers prominent in the revolutionary cause.

A number of small prints are exhibited in flat cases in the middle of the room. They include the Du Simitiere series, the "Impartial History" series and a number of the attractive small portraits of the period immediately following the Revolution, and several engravings by Paul Revere.

The Du Simitiere series appears also in the allegorical group on a toile de jouy, or printed linen, which shows also the figure of Washington, copied from the Trumbull portrait described above.

The exhibition will remain on view until October 15.

Interesting examples of Americana are on view at the Anderson Galleries during the coming week. The collection includes an unusually large number of rare books relating to California and other States of the Pacific coast. The Centennial Year Book of Alameda County is exceedingly scarce; Anderson's Handbook and Map of the Gold Regions is the first copy offered at public sale; the Directory of Placer County, the Antiquities Mexicaines and several of the county and town histories are rarities; the Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon is the only known copy, and is probably the first book printed in Portland, Ore.; the Miners and Business Men's Directory of Columbia, Cal., is one of two known copies.

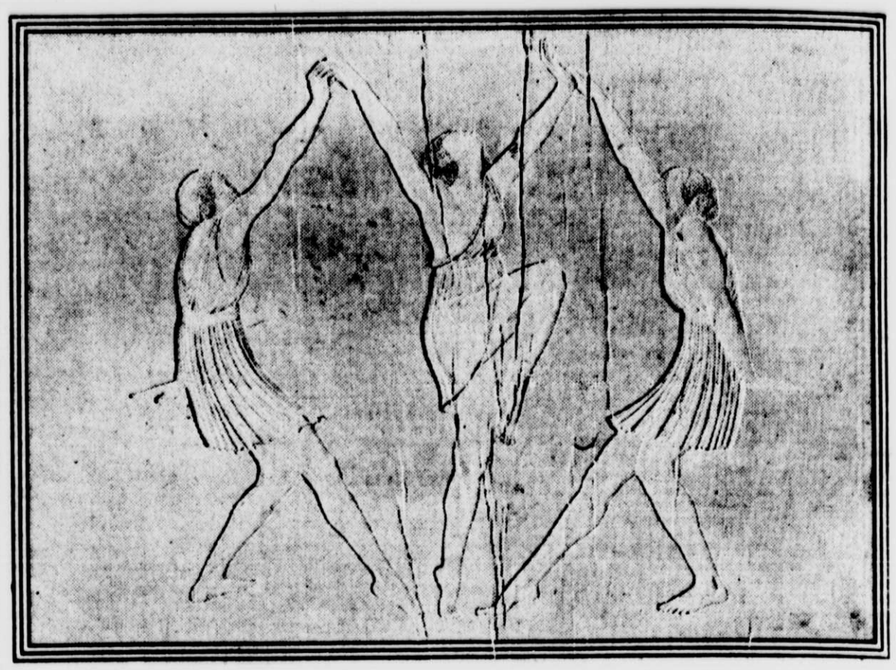
Bancroft's histories of the various Western States, some of the books on the Mormons, the collection of early California newspapers, books on Kansas, Indiana, Arizona, Wisconsin, Montana, Minnesota and Nevada, and many of the works on the Western Indians will also interest the collectors.

Among the general Americana are scarce genealogies and local histories. An engraving of the Battle of New Orleans is extremely rare, and a remarkable broadside of the Battle of Tippecanoe is probably unique. The autograph material includes letters from Jefferson, Clay and other statesmen, and Lester Wallack's Diary for 1868, with daily entries in his autograph.

Mrs. William L. Bull of New York consigns nearly fifty publications of the Grolier Club, and other desirable books in general literature are First Editions of Ambrose Bierce and other American authors, a presentation copy of The Deemster inscribed by Hall Caine, an old volume inscribed and presented by Walter Scott, and New England Rarities Discovered—an apparently unrecorded edition of the first botanical book on New England, with valuable genealogical and historical notes.

The sale includes many books on the civil war, among them being several very scarce Southern imprints. In the Lincoln material is a copy of the Provisional Ritual of the Order of

"Don Quixote," by J. B. C. Corot, at the Knoedler Galleries.



"The Dance," by Jo Davidson, recently completed for the Neighborhood Playhouse.

Lincoln, which is excessively rare, and the first issue of the first edition of the Debates with Douglas, presented and inscribed by Abraham Lincoln.

Chiefly American in its interest is also the accumulation of letters and autographs to be seen at the same galleries. They include a large number of important autograph letters by members of the Continental Congress, by signers of the Declaration of Independence and by soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution. The four very fine letters by Washington are unusually interesting. Among the letters and documents of a still earlier period will be found some rarities, among them a grant of land in Pennsylvania signed by William Penn.

Much civil war material is also offered. Many of the soldiers and statesmen of both North and South are represented. The letters by Jefferson Davis and Gen. Lee are exceedingly important, particularly to those who are studying the military campaigns. Sherman's letters and those of some of the other Northern soldiers also throw new light on the war, and there are several letters and documents signed by President Lincoln.

The literary material includes very fine autograph letters by Hardy, Lamb, Meredith, Samuel Johnson, Stevenson, Thackeray and perhaps a hundred others, and many manuscripts, some of them of unusual interest, by Aldrich, Austin, Blackmore, Bryant, Hay, Hogg, Holland, Kipling, Longfellow, Lowell, Ramsay, Stedman, Thoreau, Whitman and others, and there are eight intimate letters by Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Claude Phillips calls his review of the Royal Academy in London "War and Art" and discourses on that text before he examines the important features of the exhibition.

In the first place let us record, he writes—and it is an agreeable duty to do so—that this year's exhibition is not only vastly superior to that which immediately preceded it, but more interesting in many respects than those through which we have dutifully sighed our way in recent years. What may be called the Royal Academic tone—the ton de la maison—is less perceptible than it once was; the welcome accorded to outside talent of the more moderate order is franker, the privileges accorded to it are less grudgingly conceded. True, all the extremer phases of modernity are still banned; or, rather, those who practise them, whether the cause be scorn or merely discouragement, do not present themselves at the sacred portals. Frankly, we are less inclined to resent this exclusion—or abstention—than we should have been at any other time than the present. The clangor of arms is so hideous, so overwhelming, that the attacks and counter attacks of the schools may well be suspended for the moment. Let us ask of art above all to soothe and comfort us in our time of storm and stress; to express the joy, so radiant in its gravity, that is the outcome of valiance undismayed and terrors heroically overcome; to show, whether in lofty allegory and vision rainbow hued or in simplest fact transfigured by greatness of sympathy, the heights and the depths of this the most awful but also the greatest moment in the history of the world.

The artist should not at this juncture be merely the recorder, the historian of naked facts, however vast in extent and significance; still less the preacher affecting to direct and threaten—or overboldly to unfold and interpret the decrees of the eternal. His aim should be above all to console, by revelation of the beauty, spiritual and actual, that there is in men and things—in the meanest as in the greatest—for those who have the gift to see it. His aim should be, having that vision, to draw that beauty forth that it may light on their way the many who stumble in the dark. Art must indeed, if it is to mean anything to us now, be the music of the spheres, alike a whisper and an organ note; that music of which Shakespeare has written: "Such harmony is in immortal souls. But whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it." And revelation of this consoling beauty may be made in a thousand different ways—by means the simplest and means the most complex. If only the Promethean spark be there and the soul of the artist burn with a clear and steady light. It would be uncandid to pretend for a moment that in this exhibition, interesting as it is, such revelation is in any one work completely made. But that intensity of sympathy—the power to grasp and to interpret through suffering and the comprehension of suffering—has in some measure transformed the art of some painters among those most familiar to us is certain. Those whose standpoint, whose vision are affected by war have a stronger attraction for us than the more literal realists who strive hard—and seldom with complete success—to render certain definite battle episodes or dramatic incidents, too near still to be encircled with that halo of poetic beauty which is after all but the higher expression, the illumination of truth.

Especially interesting to Americans is his description of John Sargent's most recent activities, which follows:

Mr. J. S. Sargent's curiosity in art knows no limit. Now that mere portraiture has ceased, if not to interest, at any rate to satisfy him, he devotes himself mainly to his great monumental decorations for the Boston Public Library, and upon them lavishes his best work. His holidays are spent in dashing on to his canvas—or paper—with astonishing skill and certainly studies of Alpine scenery, of Venetian churches and palaces, of north and central Italian gardens. Here, at the Royal Academy, he is seen making an incursion—only moderately successful—into the domain of purely decorative art of the more ornamental and less significant order. His two small circular ceiling decorations, painted in a kind of light blue camaieu delicately outlined and shadowed with color, are respectively entitled "Archers: Decorative Design" and "Bacchanal: Decorative Design." The former is an elegant and vigorous composition of youthful nude figures shooting from the sky at an invisible goal. The inspiration is that of Correggio, but the modern can not quite command the flexibility or the spontaneity of his exemplar, or obviously this "Bacchanal" is the work of an accomplished craftsman. Viewed as a design—we cannot call it an invention—it is, as even the warmest admirers of Mr. Sargent must consider, exceedingly commonplace. We are so much reminded of Tiepolo, the audacious master whom the American painter delights to honor, as of the French school of decoration of the nineteenth century.

Charles Sims has been very happily inspired in his "Chloe and the Children, 1915." In the quiet of a summer afternoon, in which, nevertheless, everything—spacious sky and summer foliage and green sward alike—is slightly muted and dulled in the air, gathered together a company of children at ease in the light attire of the season. They play no longer, but have arranged themselves in a picturesque motionless group in front of the white robed Muse of History, who mournfully bends over the blood stained map extended across her knees. The conceit is very original and touching, the execution delicate to excess, and nicely sustained. Unfortunately the Muse herself, whether we consider her facial type or the arrangement of her draperies, must appear singularly lacking in distinction; she suggests indeed not so much the Muse as the mother of citizens. The same painter's study "Iris," a nude figure kneeling, in the attitude of a "Venus anadyomene" upon a plinth of red marble, and raising above her head a many colored mass of striped draperies, fruit and foliage. The figure of the rainbow messenger of the gods, fully revealed in conflicting gold and silver gauze after the fashion affected in earlier days by M. Besnard, is skilfully disposed and very attractive. It is the fussiness of the setting, so unnecessarily worrying to the eye, that detracts from our enjoyment. In the delightfully arranged "Portrait" by Mr. Sims—that of a young and beautiful woman who, half seated upon a table, leaning against a balustrade, turns her face so as to confront the beholder—we have, not indeed an imitation but perhaps a slight reminiscence of Ingres. No composition of his is more directly recalled, and yet we are led to think at once of his impeccable serenity, of his feeling in portraiture for the higher feminine charm, the style of painting affected by Mr. Sims is (as it can hardly be necessary to point out) radically different from that of the great French master. The flesh tones in which he now indulges are far too sweet and melting to recall exquisite confectionery rather than flesh and blood.

Some of the Very Best Cavorters Left Out of the Lambs Gambol

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

THE fact that so popular a young leading man and Brother Lamb as Dudley Field Malone was but one of the hundreds of all star spectators (Dud Malone a mere spectator!) at the opening performance of "The Lambs All Star Gambol" at the Metropolitan Opera House the other night simply went to prove what has long been contended—that the chief trouble with these annual affairs is a surfeit of crackerjack thespian material in the well known actors' club.

"The object of this club," runs in part a paragraph in the organization's constitution, "shall be the promotion of social intercourse among persons engaged in the drama. * * *" There are 1,375 members of the Lambs Club. Consequently with a clubhouse all cluttered up with 1,375 great actors it may be next to impossible for those in charge of the yearly gambols to find places on the programme for every Brother Lamb and still give a snappy little show lasting no longer than, say, "Parsifal."

But even though some stars in good standing in this most popular social club of actors must be omitted from the bill why, in heaven's name, crowd out such well known players and Brother Lambs as Dudley Field Malone, Marse Henry Watterson, Bourke Cockran, Bainbridge Colby, Frank A. Munsey, E. Clarence Jones, Francis Kohlman, Peter Cooper Hewitt, Leonard Wood, Frank Case, Sir Thomas Lipton, Joe Medill Patterson, Henry Clews, Jr., Larry Waterbury, Capt. Pete Drouillard, Vice-President Angus D. McDonald of the Southern Pacific, Al Simmons of the Lehigh Valley, John Kid De Saulles, Preston Gibson, George W. Elkins, Jimmie Elverson, Jr., Sid Farrar and Jawn J. McGraw, Doc Oscar Leiser, Old Irvin Cobb, George Ade and the neat singing and dancing brother act of Lambs S. Montgomery Roosevelt and Roosevelt Schuyler?—to list but a few of the great stage artists and matinee idols who, so it is said on excellent authority, are not in arrears for dues at the Lambs, nevertheless still had no place on the long programme at the gambol the other night.

Take the case of Dudley Field Malone. On the preceding Saturday night this popular young emotional actor had closed his season in "Hazel Kirke" at Canarsie and therefore was at liberty—and will continue to be at liberty, in fact, until he starts for Hollywood, Cal., to go into the pictures for the summer months.

All that the powers who arranged the programme had to do was to drop into the Lambs any time and find Mr. Malone chatting with Henry Watterson, who had just closed a long tour of the South in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and also was therefore at liberty. Ranged along the wall the powers might have happened upon First Walking Gent Frank Jay Gould or that sterling old character actor Stephen B. Elkins, Jr., both out of theatrical engagements, too.

Perhaps the gettersup of the annual gambols will insist that they know more about arranging a programme than a mere cartoonist and a volunteer critic who wandered into the gambol the other night. Mebbe, mebbe, mebbe! But it seemed to us that it was little short of criminal to give places on the programme to Albert Parker and young John Drew and Frank Tinney and Andrew Mack, while totally overlooking the timely offering of the Preparedness Comedy Four as presented all season over the U. B. O. route by a quartet of well known members of the actors' social club—Rear Admiral and Lamb J. V. B. Bleecker, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral and Lamb G. C. Reiter, U. S. N.; Gen. and Lamb Leonard Wood, U. S. A., and Gen. and Lamb Constant Williams, U. S. A.

These boys, the Messrs. Bleecker, Reiter, Wood and Williams, made it a point to report hopefully at the Lambs every night, naturally taking it for granted that Al Parker or Julian Mitchell or Dwight Leeper or somebody else in authority would step up and say, "Come on, lads—your club needs you up on top of the stage."

Nothing doing. It is an open secret that after a few nights of sitting around expectantly Brother Lambs and Actors George W. Young, Patrick Francis Murphy, Leonard Wood, P. Val Heaton, Jules S. Bache—leading juvenile in the Union Hill Stock Company for months past, but now at liberty owing to a difference over salary—Jacob Ruppert, Jr., A. C. G. Hupfel, George W. Loft, Dr. H. W. Frauenthal, Clifford B. Harmon, C. K. G. Billings, George Young Bauchle, Nathan Burkan, Harry Content—now playing *Joe Garson* in the No. 7 "Within the Law" troupe—Rex Beach of Al Reeves's "Big Beauty Show," A. Henry Higginson of South Lincoln, Mass., and the 'alls, John T. McCutcheon of the Oliver Stock Company of South Bend, Ind.; Alexander P. Moore of the Duquesne Stock of Pittsburg, F. Waldo Story, comedian in this and that burlesque show under Sam Scribner's management—about everybody except Brother Lamb Sir Ernest Shackleton, who just now is playing in the far South and therefore could not be present, grew tired of showing up at the Lambs Club with hopes of getting a job in the gambol.

We leave it to any reader whether or not the Cockrans, Malones, Wattersons, Liptons, Goulds, Elkinses, Lofts, Cases, Munseys, Rupperts, Hupfels, De Saulleses, Cobbs, Gibsons, Leonard Woods and the other well known actors mentioned are not quite as well known to the theatregoing public (perhaps a darn sight better known) than the younger players from the Lambs who had a part in the annual shindig.

Compare the list of names just recorded with a haphazard list selected from the programme of the younger members of the actors' club who had leading parts in the show—to wit: Bill Rozelle, Bertram Marburgh, Charlie Brandt, Tom McGrath, Al Parker, Vaughn Trevor, Harrison Brockbank, Kenneth Webb, George Hamlin, Lyster Chambers, Gilbert Clayton, Ernest Stallard, Carl Gerard, T. B. Terhune, Craufurd Kent, Byron Beasley, Arthur Hurley, Charles Clark, F. Underwood, Robert Cain, Harry Harwood, Joe Stoopack, Sam Coit, Malcolm Duncan, Fred Burton, M. Coman, Ira Hards, Dewitt Jennings, Bob Hosea, Ed Flammer, Charley Winninger, Charley Lane, Bill Kelly, Bob Gill.

Readers know them all well, do they not? They do not. Nevertheless these youngsters—all clever in their way, but still, comparatively speaking, youngsters—received much mention on the programme while leading actor Lambs, such as Bourke Cockran, Henry Watterson, Dudley Field Malone and the others spoken of earlier, got the gate.

But did Actors Wood and Cockran and Malone and the rest sulk and stay away from the gambol because they had been overlooked? Not at all. They were all on hand early and stayed later than late, paying all the way from five bucks to fifty or more for the privilege of being overlooked.

Perhaps only one department of the great audiences which sat patiently through a show which lasted for four mortal hours deserved more praise than these neglected folk, and that was the department made up of the wives of the Lambs taking part in the gambol. Those same wives had sat from before noon until late in the evening the day before patiently watching a dress rehearsal. For weeks, perhaps months, before that each wife had heard from Friend Husband the whole plot of his particular skit.

Nevertheless when the curtains parted to disclose the first public performance of the "All Star Gambol" the wives were all on hand in their best bib and tucker and ready to applaud at the drop of the hat. Perhaps when, along toward daylight the next morning, they got back in their apartments on one of the cross streets above Forty-second street and had pinned Friend Husband to the wall they were not so enthusiastic about the gambol as they had been while the rest of the opera house audience was looking on. In fact it has been noised about since then that several wives allowed in the privacy of their own apartments that they thought the gambol wasn't such a much.

There probably is something in this rumor. At least it may be said on the best of authority that even the Lambs now say right out in meeting that they thought the 1916 gambol wasn't so good. Which makes the verdict unanimous.